WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1852.

Seventh Street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent inserted three times for one dollar; tion, twenty-five cents.

All communications to the Era, whether on bu ness of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. Balley, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

HONOR VS. PRINCIPLE.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAP.-I. It was a glorious evening of April. The su was just dipping into the crimson wavelets of of small tributary of the Mississippi, as a jaded horse, which had been very reluctantly and very forcibly urged up the river-side for hours, stopped at a sudden twitch of his rider's check-

"The place!" the young horseman exclaimed in an undertone of delight, mingled with surprise. He evidently shared none of the fatigue he had inflicted upon his beast. There was a flash of impatience in his eye, and a quick compression of his lips, as he threw him-self from the saddle, and, drawing the rein over his left arm, stepped toward a large white lat-ticed gate which obstructed his entrance upon a wide, winding avenue of catalpa and china trees. But before he had succeeded in opening it, a woolly-headed specimen of humanity scram bled up from the long grass and bushes with if first upon four feet, and then upon two, with Lawks, maussa-didn't knowed it was

The gate flew open with a flourish, under the auspices of this its lawful guardian, who had been indulging himself with a stroll in the land of dreams. The stranger cast a curious glance on his ragged blouse, rolling eyes,

and glistening teeth; and remounting his horse, went briskly up the gravelled path. As he came within the glimmering of white walls, he checked his steed's pace involuntarily, with a sudden convulsive bound in the region of the

Will she be here ?" , was a thought not shaped into words, as he nearly drove his horse's head against another gate, half buried in drooping foliage, which a neat, smiling mu-latto boy, in white handkerchief and apron,

rity to his bridle rein, and guided him toward the house, now in full view. "Your master's family—are they all at home, and all well?"

"Mass' Leroy, if you mean, sir—he have gone off on a 'lectrifying tower—but Missis and Miss Gussie is home," he added, with a sly cast of one eye, as he rolled it up, to observe the effect of this last clause upon his listenct. It seemed to please him hugely; for he rolled his tongue into the cavity of his cheek, straightened himself up, and called out, with great pomposity, to a troop who were sunning under a large pecan tree at one side—

"You Tim! Jo! pick yersels up quicker, and tend here to the gen'l'man's horse!"

The bipeds thus addressed scrambled to their bare feet, shook their shoulders and ears, and coming forward, took each a side of the foamflecked bit, as the rider dismounted, and the white-aproned porter conducted him up the steps of the front verandah.

His eager eye took in a vague impression climbing roses and honeysuckles, green lathad time for more, it was arrested by a vision more bewitching (to one pair of eyes, at least

than any roses that ever breathed fragrance over the bowers of the "sunny South." The hall door stood open, as well as the As he moved toward the door, the flutter of a white dress, like a sunbeam against the window-blind, caught his eye and ear. He stepped back—and in an instant more, a fresh, frank, happy face, literally brilliant with the glow of undisguised emotion, told him all that he cared to know or feel in that moment—or

He had drawn the white-robed vision within the parlor blind, and let fall the screen between the curious eyes of the negroes and the scene which so evidently inspired them with more delight than they could contain, before he spoke a word. His countenance was calm, but it was a "tablet of unutterable thoughts"

and feelings.
"Augusta!" was the first low word that broke the silence. It broke, likewise, some spell that had bound the tears of the young girl addressed; for they burst from their dark fountains, and deluged her cheeks in a moment.

Oh! I thought you would never come!"

the sobbed, impulsively.

"It was not my fault that I disappointed you last week," he said, caressingly. "I had made no calculation for the delays on your Southern

"The boats! oh yes," she exclaimed, trying to recover her self-control. "I watched so long! I had made up my mind you were killed— blown up in one of those terrible explosions!"

"You had not put on mourning for me, see," said he, with a glance of meaning at her dress. She blushed, and laughed amid her tears, as she drew slightly from him, and tossed back her tumbled tresses, giving a passing touch to the wreath of jessamines that might have been shaken from her rich, glossy braids A Southern girl naver long forgets her dress.

A lady some years her senior, crowned with little tulle cap set with rose-buds, now step ped softly into the parlor, and served to remind young couple that the world contained

some one besides themselves.

"Oh!" exclaimed Augusta, relapsing into the young lady at once, "My sister-in-law, Mrs Leroy—Mr. Lester," she said, very de-

Mrs. Leroy gave the guest a very suitable and hospitable welcome; apologized for the absence of her husband, who was absent on an electioneering tour, (this explanation cleared up the mystery involved in the porter's words,) saying that Col. Leroy had been uncertain when to expect him, or at what point he would land, &c. The house was put in commotion through its length and breadth. Mysterious eyes now and then, ventured a peep through the crannies of the closed blinds, or peered about the crack of the half-opened door. From the old faithful head-servant, who had been Augusta's foster-mother, down to the very smallest curled noddle on the plantation, every was full of curiosity to catch a peep at "our Miss Gussie's sweetheart,"

"What did he hail from, you Vie?" inquired one of a group who sat perched about the gate-posts, of the white-aproned mulatto,

gate-posts, of the white-aproned mulatto,

"Eh! Wouldn't you give a heap to know, you niggers!" responded that personage, with a grin of contemptuous superiority, and a twitch at his head-gear.

"Aint quality, no-how—hadn't a nigger to his horse," observed one, sulkily.

"Lor' bless us!" exclaimed a stout woman in a blue turban, who was just then earrying a tub of water, on her head, through the gate. You go to your mammy, Tim! He's out o' the big Nor'ard, whar niggers isn't thick as beetles on a star-shiny night! It's likely our Miss Gussie knows what's what, up where she fotched her dedication!"

"It's likely you knows a heap," remarked yie, who, having swung himself into the grotch formed by two branches of a live oak, was literally as well as figuratively looking down upon the group, "when you doesn't know how to talk like folks! It's edication your Miss Gussie fotched up there—and pity she hadn't gin you a little more on't."

"Aint quality, no-how—hadn't a nigger to him and for a moment, and paused in the involuntary homage of deep feeling.

The garden gate opened, and Augusta, in a fawn-colored morning-wrapper, with a small trowel in her hand, made her appearance, fol; lowed by a brisk yellow boy with a watering-pot. She threw back her white sun-bonnet archly, as she discovered her guest, and dismissing the boy, with trowel as well as jar, the invited Lester into the garden.

"I had no idea that Southern young ladies elutivated 'the roses of the dawn,'" said he. "Pardon me if I did you injustice, but I fancied that, as a class, you were rather an inert sort of beings. How is it?"

"Oh, we are inactive enough for any stigma of that kind, when the mid-day summer sun is pouring down upon us," answered Augusta, in a fawn-colored morning-wrapper, with a small trowel in her hand, made her appearance, fol; lowed by a brisk yellow boy with a watering-pot. She threw back her white sun-bonnet archly, as she discovered her guest, and dismissing the boy, with trowel as well as jar, the invited Lester into the group a

blue-turbaned damsel, marching off with her tub, in offended dignity.

"I say?" spoke another of the house servants, several of whom had joined the debating group at the gate, "will he tote off our Miss Gussie, most likely?"

"I spec!" laconically replied the oak-perched Vic, who, in his white apron and airs of would-be wisdom, bore no slight resemblance, to a white owl in the branches, in the fast deepening twilight.

deepening twilight.

"Glad she aint my missis, no-how," he add ed, twisting the twig of a spice tree in his teeth.
"None o' your totin' about for this child!"
"I'd like it she was my missis," said Tim.
"I'd like it she'd show me the up country

"Wish she was mine, I'll be bound," said old Kitty, a coal-black chambermaid, settling her-self heavily upon the horse-block. "Sich a farself heavily upon the horse-block. "Sich a farspoken little lady as she allers was, and allers
will be! I've seen her stand a cryin', when she
was no bigger nor a picaninny, when Mass'
Kurnel would be laying it on, or mebbe the
old Mass'r hisself! Bless the eyes of ye all,
chil'n! the light'll be put out of 'em the day
Missy Gussie quits the place!"

"Who's gwine to make her quit?" scornfully asked the blue-turbaned, who had returned
to the charge, with an empty bucket. "I tell

to the charge, with an empty bucket. "I tell yet gain that desired spell, that should bind ye, when Mass'r what-ye-call-him totes off the big house on that frizzly head of his'n, he'll Henry's brow contracted a little, and his stan' a chance to tote Miss Gussie up Nor'ard! It's the old place whar she was raised, and it's her'n; and she knows as how there aint nothing o come nigh it in them parts nor in these!

"Sich as makes up to quality ladies, most gin'ally stays on," observed old Kitty, in her rum monotone.

The harmony into which the gang of disputants were settling was suddenly broken by the apparition of the very gentleman in ques-tion, who walked calmly out from behind a Cherokee-rose hedge that divided the front lawn from the side yard, almost into their midst.

There was a sudden scattering of all but the white owl, who sat still on his perch, solemnly winking up at the gathering stars. Lester look-ed up at him as he passed, and bit his lips to repress the laughter that was gathering behind

them.

Henry Lester had been a New England boy, born among the hills, and nurtured on the bread of poverty, the well-earned "widow's mite." His father died when he was quite young, leaving Henry and an infant sister to by hear some almost penniless but a strong-bitious; and per-bitious; and per ents above the common stamp, she had deter-mined, at all hazards and sacrifices, to give him the education that would develop them. She had sent him to college; had infused her own ambition into his kindling spirit, and roused him to persevering and successful effort. Never did a mother's heart beat higher than her's on the day when, in a crowded hall, he stood up before her and the sages of his native State, the valedictorian of his class.

There was another heart in that throng, too, that throbbed more quickly at that sight; and there was another, fairer, younger face, screen-ed rather than hidden by a fall of white goswas that of a young girl from the South, whose acquaintance he had formed, by a happy accident, during one of her school vacations, and my cheeks burn, last year, to hear some of she was under the guardianship of boarding-school discipline. Augusta Manning was then only a child in years. Yet her birth under an almost tropical sun had warmed her into pre cocity of feeling and of manner. She unlock ed the heart of Henry by her arch, artless eyes and childish naiveté; and stole into it by that nameless charm—that combination of grace dignity, and carelessness, that characterizes the high-bred Southern girl, almost from her cra

She had returned six months before we unceremoniously introduced her to her estate of which she was heiress in her own right, un material side, some years older than herself.
Col. Leroy was a thorough man of the world, high-spirited, hospitable, extravagant, or vindictive, as occasion might, in his view, demand.
At the conclusion of his legal studies, Henry had flown southward, to give shape to pla which as yet floated dreamily in his brain Augusta's promise to him had been given with childish lips, in a land of strangers. He wish ed to know if it would be sealed at her home under a serious realization of all which she must consent to sacrifice for his sake.

The morning dawned without a cloud. Hen ry Lester woke to its brightness with a gush of music in his ears that thrilled the chords of his heart. A tiny wren sat on the sill of his open window, pouring a volume of univalled melody from its infinitesimal throat. It was startled by the uplifting of his head, and dashed through the trumpet-vine that curtained the window, shaking a shower of silver dew drops from the scarlet flowers and dripping

Henry stepped from the window upon the side verandah, and strolled along, with no other aim than to drink in the beauty and fragrance with which God had clothed the morning. He found himself, before he was aware of it

found himself, before he was award path leading to "the quarters."

A long brick "sugar-house," containing a steam-mill, with all other machinery necessary to sugar-making, was the centre building Around this, in several short streets, as it were stood the huts of the negroes. Neat little whitewashed cabins they were; some of them shaded by a stray china-tree, or a spreading magnolia; some even overhung with rosevines, or girt about with flower-patches. The great bell rang as he approached; and standing at a little distance, he leaned upon the hedge to make his observations.

The work of that day was to be in a corn-

field not far away; so all hands, both "old men and children, young men and maidens," were pressed into the long file. Some came merrily out, swinging their hoes or bright tin buckets over their heads; others lagged lazily, as if weary or sick, and were greeted with no very comforting words by the negro-drivers who drummed them to their places. The overseer stood leaning against his door, with his feet crossed, smoking a pipe with great unconcern,

crossed, smoking a pipe with great unconcern, apparently. As he saw the file complete, he drew the pipe from his teeth, and having muttered something about "'tarnal lazy, and devilish late hours," he hade them "keep quick step," and nodding them off with their drivers, betook himself again to his pipe.

Lester turned, and walked towards the garden, whose balmy breath wooed him to forget the scene he had just witnessed. His path was under magnolia trees just bursting into bloom. The air was heavy with "overmuch sweetness." The mocking-birds, darting into the sunlight, and catching it on their wings, kept up an oratorio that well mocked the attempts of human vocalists. It was dazzling tempts of human rocalists. It was dazzling-bewildering. Henry shaded his eyes with his

distinct individuality. Roses and jessamines encircled the garden, and intertwined all the walks, like threads of crimson and silver light. walks, like threads of crimson and silver light. A solemnly towering aloe, which kept guard upon a mound in the centre, was strewn with the scarlet blossoms of an overhanging pomegranate, which a saucy breeze had shaken upon its venerable head. China-trees, with their lilac-like perfume, the gladitschia, breathing memories of a colder climate; and the pureblossomed, delicious orange, overhung the whole. The golden glow of a spring morning, and the pearls of the night's dew, were sparkling and playing on the picture that seemed

and the pearls of the night's dew, were spark-ling and playing on the picture, that seemed but half real to the stranger's admiring eye.

"Is it not?" exclaimed Augusta, with de-light and enthusiasm. "I knew you would say so. I only wish it were, indeed, fairy-land, and I a fairy, with one spell"——she hesitated.

"What one, beyond those at your command?"

"Can you flatter, too? I shall begin to have hopes of you, then-I mean, hopes that I may

ps arched.
"You are not angry?" plead the gentlest of oices, as a little hand in its garden glove was laid upon his arm. "Angry? oh no, Augusta, but—you have introduced a subject on which I wish to have

lips arched.

some very serious conversation with you. May "Surely, if you will let me bear my part in it, seriousness and all. Perhaps you think me a mere thoughtless child, Henry," she added, crimsoning; "but I do have a sober thought once in a while, and I have reflected more within the last six months than in all my life be-

fore. But come to the jessamine arbor-we shall find seats there." "How d'ye, Aunt Ruby?" she accosted the heroine of the blue turban, who, with her unfailing tub on the head and a child by the

casket of ebony.

The jessamine bower was open toward the house and river bank, of which it commanded a fine view, with a glimpse of the negro cabins

a fine view, with a glimpse of the negro cabins.

Two rustic chairs, of curiously-carved oak, invited the early ramblers to sit down.

"I was, accidentally, ear-witness to quite a discussion among your people, last night," said Lester. "That woman whom we just met gave her veto most decidedly against any possible proposals for transplanting her 'Miss Gussie."

"They all feel so, I know. They have taken care of me ever since I was a haby, and yet I care of me ever since I was a baby; and yet I samer, on which the eye of the young orator don't believe they love me much better than I rested before it sought even his mother's. It love them, after all. Now you see," she said,

the negro, and all that. I suppose none of them would believe that, after I first left home, month, at the thought of my old 'mammy,' Ruby's sister; or that, when I came home this year, I was not half so glad to see my own brother, as the darling old creature!" "I can well believe it," answered Henry. "I suppose you were going on to tell me, what I know equally well, that nothing could tempt

your nurse to leave her foster-child. pardon me for putting the question, I do not wish to interfere with these affairs of your own—would she love you less, or be of less service to you, if she were a free woman? "I don't see any use in her being free," said the young lady; "and, what is more to the point, I don't think she would see any use in it

"Perhaps not, because she has not the op-portunity of viewing the question in all the bearings of possible chances and changes. But I did not come here to 'talk Abolitionism' to you, at present. I will only ask you a few ques-

tions, as we are on the topic. I was at the quarters before I met you?——
"Then you saw their comfortable little cabins," interrupted Augusta, triumphantly; "did that look, like oppression? How many of the vagrants in your swarming city of New York would be glad of such a comfortable home, in

such an enchanting spot!"
"Ask the vagrant, however, to barter his liberty for the comfort and the cabin," said Lester, smiling, "and you would soon find where he puts the distinction. But we are re-curring to the old theme. I was going to ask,

"Why, the laws forbid that, you know; although they are not put in force very often, where a planter chooses to teach his own servants. All in the quarters are brother Edgar's people. Father left me only enough to furnish the house, because, he said, women were not fit to be trusted with negroes. The house and mammy's family are mine; the main plantation and the remainder of the hands, my half brother's property. Edgar does not think it hast to teach them—indeed, he is very strict idea how little is accomplished by teaching them. Mammy was so old when I began with her, that she was a year in getting through the alphabet, and never has gone far beyond that. Ruby and Nancy can spell out easy chapters in the Testament. But Edgar's people have service every Sunday evening. One of them—

in the Testament. But Edgar's people have service every Sunday evening. One of them—old Milton—is a sort of Methodist preacher, a regular saint, in their opinion; and they often keep up their singing, and screaming, and praying, till near morning."

"I wonder whether it ever occurred to him that there is a responsibility involved in permitting an ignorant set of people to follow their own blind impulses of religion, unguided by the light that God has given!"

"It has occurred to me, certainly," said Augusta, earnestly, "and I am not at all sure that brother is right. The more need, is there not, that I should stay with these people of mine, teach them as I can, and try to do my duty by them!" she inquired, glancing up to give her words full effect. "Would it be right, in your view of circumstances, for me to leave in your view of circumstances, for me to leave them to brother Edgar's neglect?"

"My dear Augusta, why should you 'leave them?"

"I could not take them, certainly," she replied,

looking puzzled. "They could not be to me a they are here; and I would never degrade then

to the rank of your free negroes at the North," she went on, with a little spirit. "As to send-ing them to Africa, it would break all their ing them to Africa, it would break all their hearts. Brother would never consent to my freeing them, and leaving them among his hands; and it would take force. I can assure you, to move one of them from the old place, free or not free! Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, with fresh energy, "you are ambitious, you are gifted with genius and learning far above the talents of the proudest here. You want a theatre for usefulness and for fame. Where theatre for usefulness and for fame. Where will you find a brighter opening than Aere I If you seek moral influence or political honors, here is a field for both. You have only to win the confidence of the people to win the brightest laurels they have to give; and those are bright enough to hang on the very pinnacle of the State. I know the people, Henry, and I know you. I have not said a word about wealth, because I know how secondary a thing it is in your eyes, and I know"—here a child-like frankness lighted up her face—"that you would rather not take anything where you would give all. But, oh, Henry, if you knew how proudly and happily I have looked upon

For the National Era. A DREAM OF THE PAST. RY CHARLES LELAND PORTER. Night was coming, and the breeze Gently rocked the sighing willow Night was coming, and the sea-foam Danced upon the rolling billow ; Night was coming, and I wandered

> Thinking of the days of yore. On I strayed, and little caring Whither me my footsteps led, Musing, thinking, fondly thinking, Thinking of the silent dead.

Sad upon the lonely shore.

Thinking, melancholy thinking

I was weary ; softly creeping. I upon a mossy pillow Sleeping 'neath the pendant willow Twas in dream-land, and I stood,

Gazing from a rock-bound shore-All behind me was a wood. The blue ocean all before Save the eagle soaring high. Nothing living could I see-Neath me naught but barren rocks O'er me the blue canopy.

Soon I saw a sail approaching O'er the bosom of the sea, And I pondered, and I wondered Whose the stranger ship could be More and more her mast appearing. Onward, like a courser's leap, Proudly o'er the waves careering-How she cuts the sparkling deep !

She is nearing, and the sailors Heave an anchor from her bow And, o'erjoyed, the weary vessel Stops her on her journey now; As she turns upon her cable, Gently rocking on the tide, Speechless, fixed, I stand for wonder-MAYFLOWER is upon her side

Now a boat with precious burden Pushes for the rippling shore; Hearts with happiness are beating, For their toilsome journey's o'er: And the gray-haired sire, and maiden And fond mother with her boy, And the cheeks of all are moistened. Moistened with the tears of joy.

Now upon the rock they gather-Children, mother, father old-Hands upraised to heaven, and kneeling, Kneeling on the rock so cold: Prayers, and praises, and thanksgiving. Mingle in the chilly air, And that pilgrim band together Join in a united prayer.

"God! who us through life hast followed God! who guides the pilgrim's way; Liston to our prayers ascending While to Thee our forms are bending

Why towards a stranger land Did you thus your vessel steer?
"Twas because we had to bew To a cruel monarch's rod; Come we, then, that we might now

Noble souls, thought I, to leave For the sake of their religion. Towards a foreign coast to steer God will prosper and protect them He will aid that little band-For their Christian zeal and ardo Crown the labor of their hand

Fainter still the voice of prayer-Eagle, ship, and rock, had vanished Vanished into empty air; Now sleep fied from my embracing With myself again communing.

Gently rocked the sighing willow Day was dawning, and the sea-foan Danced upon the rolling billow :

will doubtless be gratified to see a more extended sketch of his history.

George W. Julian is a native of Wayne county, Indiana. He was born in 1817; and is consequently now only thirty-five years of age. His father died in 1823; and, left without fortune or influential friends, he was early thrown on his own resources. He is hence thoroughly and emphatically a self-made man. His leading youthful characteristic was an indomitable perseverance in whatever he undertook. Entering upon the study of the law, he was admitted to the bar in 1840. From family and local influences, he was at first a Whig; ily and local influences, he was at first a Whig; and, as such, was chosen in 1845 to represent his native county in the lower branch of the Legislature of Indiana. In this capacity, he distinguished himself by his earnest adverser Legislature of Indiana. In this capacity, he distinguished himself by his earnest advocacy of a bill for the abolition of the death penalty; and of the timely and fortunate measure, that then became a law, by which the State was enabled to meet her foreign debt, without which, repudiation and disgrace would have been the probable result. He advocated this

been the probable result. He advocated this latter measure in opposition to his party generally in the Legislature.

In common with the great body of Northern Whigs, Mr. Julian was opposed to the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war, chiefly with reference to the extension of slavery, which was seen to be consequent upon these measures. Accordingly, in 1848, he openly rebelled against the nomination of Gen. Taylor, went as a delegate to the Buffalo Convention, on his return was chosen an elector for Van waged such effective war against the old parties, that the Free-Soilers, early in the year following, unanimously brought him forward as a candidate for Congress, and by the sid of the Democrats, and a number of the sid of as a candidate for Congress, and by the aid of the Democrats, and a number of disaffected Whigs, he was elected. His speeches in Con-gress, on the Slavery Question and the Public Lands, called forth the highest commendations of his political friends, and were lauded by quite a number of prominent papers and poli-ticians in the rank of his opponents. In 1851 he was a candidate for re-election; but by a combination of Hunker Whigs and Democrate, headed by jealous and mercenary demagogues, and hounded on by the cry of "disunion," he was defeated; and S. W. Parker, his former competitor, and a most graceless doughface,

"Lor'! whar's the differ!" exclaimed the blue-turbaned damsel, marching off with her tue, turbaned willing to lead our hosts in the great battle of Free would listen to me. I would not have you less proud," she said, archly, "but I would love to have you forget your pride once, for me!"

[To be concluded its a specific or the section of the lake at the tool ead our hosts in the great battle of Free would into have you less proud," she said, archly, "but I would love to have you forget your pride once, for me!"

[To be concluded its a specific or the section of the deck. Our principal subsistence for tue turbaned willing to lead our hosts in the great battle of the deck.

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We arrived it to lead our hosts in the great battle of the trubaned willing to lead our hosts in the great battle of the lake at the tool ead our hosts in t

For the National Era. MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE, &co.

BY SEL GENERIS CHAPTER VII.

"Didst ever see a Gondola! For fear You should not, I'll describe it you exactly.

Reader, did you ever sail in a "birch?" not, let me say how we sailed, and how pleas-ant it was. A "birch" is a canoe made of birch bark, just as a "weed" is a cigar, or as "suds" are soap-suds. These white birch trees are as serviceable to the backwoods people as the cocoa-nut and the palm are to the Polyne-sians. With a few light strips of cedar as a frame, and a sheet of bark as a covering, the lightest and most graceful of boats are made. A single paddle propels them, and they skim over the calm water or broken waves so swiftly and silently, that you cannot even catch the "Light drip of the suspended oar."

A "birch" reminds us, in one respect, of a knowing horse. It will bear its master or any other expert, safely enough; but let an inexpe-rienced person try it, and he would be safer on overboard after the lost centre of gravity. In one of these birches, then, we sailed down the west branch of the Penobscot river-a deep and placid stream, broken here and there by rapids. The lofty trees crowded down to either bank, and beheld each its "visage in the watery glass." Occasionally, a moose-path streaked the thickets, where these animals came down to drink, and we passed one or two carcases which hunters had stripped and abandoned to decay. The stillness was oppressive, and interrupted only by the shrick of the eagles, a few of whom we scared from their

watchtowers, where they viewed the motions of the lazy fish below. In this quiet was time given to look from the handiwork unto the Grand Architect; and in this silent aisle of the forest temple my heart repeated the words of the patriarch of Uz! "Lo, these are but parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of them; but the thunder of his power who can understand?" Night surprised us on the voyage, and we made our camp among the trees on the margin

of the stream. The supper of dried moose-meat, with tea of mountain ash, was grateful and the warm blanket was as inviting as any more luxurious bed. But who could sleep amid the glories of such a night-a night such as never yet tempted the gay strollers upon artificial promenades. How lovely was the combination perfected from the simple light, and air, and water, and the gloomy shade of the forest looming tall and dark through all the splender! We descended to the stream, and stood musing, while thought went backward and forward in the path of the centuries, and we read, as though a burning hand had wrote

upon the sky—
"And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: He made the stars also." "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and

rible day of the Lord shall come. Then we lay down and slept in the beams that moon which we shall one day see quenched in the blackness of utter night. But the seer of the Apocalypse has prophecied of a certain

" And the city had no need of the sun, neithe of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light

The next morning, we were gliding over the calm waters of Lake Cheluncook, toward the comfortable dwelling of a pioneer in this region, of some four years standing. A hospitable and generous man is Mr. Smith, with a proper modicum of courtesy, and a smart infusion of the go-ahead; and his guests; whether penniless or opulent, are a most uncomplaining set.

Our fathers called them savage."-Chas. Sprague We had frequent occasion for guides. An unacquainted person had better not venture into these woods alone, unless he would make the desert his dwelling-place. We chose guides from the Indians, of whom a remnant still ex ists in Maine. With them we went "a-moosing," and, though we did not prove ourselves mighty hunters, were so entertained by their discourse, that our disappointment was small. On one occasion an old man of the St. Francis tribe conducted us, whose "eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," and whose locks had not been blanched by the snows of threescore winters. In his youth, he said, he had received instruction at Dartmouth College, acwhere he puts the distinction. But we are recurring to the old theme. I was going to ask, how many in the quarters can read?"

"Why, the laws forbid that, you know: although they are not put in force very often, where a planter chooses to teach his own servants. All in the quarters are brother Edgar's people. Father left me only enough to furnish the house, because, he said, women were not fit to be trusted with negroes. The house and mammy's family are mine; the main plantation and the remainder of the hands, my half brother's property. Edgar does not think it best to teach them—indeed, he is very strict about it, and has tried to persuade me from teaching mine; but I never could make it seem quite right to neglect them. Yet you have no idea how little is accomplished by teaching them. Mammy was so old when I began with to that of a sea captain. By reason of this pe-culiar character, they cannot procure around our settlements a subsistence much better than the crumbs that fall from the table of the civilized man. A "pent-up Utica" there con-itracts their peculiar powers; but, let them range like the congenial, untamed denizens of the forest, and they will be free and independ-

ent as their fathers.

This utter wreck of an ancient and a brave people affords a melancholy subject of reflection. As a comprehensive epitaph, we say that a superior race has swept them and their works away by force of science, more potent than the magic of the Powahs, and art more subtle than savage strategy. Poetry has decorated the aboriginal life with graceful fiction, and history has recorded upon bloody pages the atrocity of its final epoch:

"But the poor savage leaves behind no trace." The picturesque names which the red men

main; but those, and the relies which the plough has torn from ancient burial places, are their sole memorials.

To adopt the exquisite fancy of one of our own bards, the fittest emblems for their escutcheon would be a broken bow and pointless arrows, and underneath would I write— " For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." The eyes of the old man Louis flashed while

we repeated passages of that exquisite ode wherein Sprague commemorates the patriotism of the Indians, and lamouts the oblivion which covers their graves.

"Old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and garments upon them."—Josh ix, 5.

Who likes that word good-bye? But Who likes that word good-bye? But we were obliged to use it, after two very pleasant weeks. In prolonging our stay, the means of life had imperceptibly diminished, till, on strict account, the remaining "wherewithal" was barely sufficient to sustain the vital spark until we could obtain fresh subsidies. Accordingly, we vamosed as quickly as possible.

The lake steamer had come to an inglorious

end—of one voyage at least—upon a rock, and accordingly we made the passage of forty miles in an old ark which contained an efgine, if we may credit the smoke pipe protruding

Mengs. This gentleman seemed to think we needed sleep more than anything else; and something like the following seene ensued: Guests.—Come, landlord, give us some grub.
Cold pies, or meat, if nothing else. We feel
tolerable hollow.
The landlord, after some minutes of silence.

succeeds in lighting a bed-lamp, and sets it down with marked emphasis. We quickly divine his predilection.

Guests.—Come, landlord, that won't do.
Shell out, now. We are as hungry as meat-

Landlord, snappishly.-What d'ye want ! Guests, in a resolute tone.—Pies, we told you. The landlord rushes frantically out, and soon rings in some pie.

Guests.—Now, landlord, that's good. Bring

some cheese, now, and some bread and milk.

Landlord.—I tell ye, ye'll have to make that do till breakfast time. Can't give ve no more, Accordingly, having made the best of our

phiz as we ascend the stairs. Next morning, we undertook to walk to the nearest railway terminus, some seventy-five miles. Poverty alone impelled us, and we could only support the painful resolve by considerathe necessity, and of the strength lately plucked from our carniverous diet in the woods. We actually set off on foot, to the no small

hagrin of the stage drivers. No wonder that our Gibeonish apparel in troduced us everywhere as a suspicious charac-ter. The first day, having walked forty miles, we halted at the ambitious town of Athens, about dusk—the force of early habit, if nothing else, urging us to observe the Saturday night as a season of rest and preparation. The land-lord, having cast a hasty, half-contemptuous glance at our soiled and grotesque garments, conducted us to the very northeastern corner of his dominions. We thought of that "whey-faced brother"—

"Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,

We were introduced into a small and dingy apartment, wherein sundry trunks and trow-sers had been carelessly sprinkled about, and there the landlord, bidding us sleep either on one or both beds, unceremoniously deserted us.
At first, we were inclined to grumble; but, on reflection, concluded to treat the matter as a good joke, and to wear a better coat next time. But our equanimity was even more sorely tried The next day, the Sabbath, having spent several meditative but unquiet hours in the bar-room—the only place where a seat was permitted us-we concluded to relieve the monotonous time with a walk, and so stepped out. The landlord followed us to the with, "Are you going to leave?" Having briefly said "No," we sauntered leisurely along

ing out of the village. Our motions, however, were narrowly watched. Hardly five minutes of pleasant walking had slipped by, when a harsh sound came borne upon the blast— "Hallo-hallo, there, cap'n !" A presentiment suddenly came upon us. felt guilty, and reflected that we were but a

the street, and finally took the highway lead

"Hallo-o-o, there, mister," came again, from nearer voice.

Accordingly, we stopped, and looked behind On like the wind came the pursuer, and tri imph gleamed from his eye, for he had caugh the dishonest lodger. As soon as the distance and his spent breath allowed, he shouted—

" Pay your bill, cap'n." With quiet indignation we paid the bill, and then asked-"Don't you take me for a gentleman?"

"Wal, ye ought to be one, for sartain. "Well, my friend," said I, "you take yo oney, and welcome. I am only going a short walk, and hope to see you again. If I don't come back, you may have my baggage, which onsists of a hair-brush and a tooth-brush. I am sorry that I haven't got my cards with

Was not this intolerable, that in broad day light the cry of "stop thief" should be raised behind one? But it seemed better to laugh at the suspicious host than to be angry with him. coat we wore; but the eye (we hope to say it modestly) did not look sly or villanous in the

boldly as though nobody knew us, borrowed a pipe, and commenced smoking.
"Landlord," said I, at length, "will you give me a receipt for the cash your young man

The landlord fidgeted, and was silent.

we continued—

"You certainly were not to blame, landlord "You certainly were not to blame, landlord, in taking this to be a most rascally coat. It does really look shocking bad. I'm sorry, for your sake, I didn't wear my best one. But, if you haven't any objection, I'll take tea with you, and be glad to pay for it, too."

"Wal, young man," he broke forth, "I'll tell

ye what, you are honest. If you hadn't been honest, you'd ha' been mad as blazes. I'm sorry I sent Jack arter ye. You shall stay here as long as you want, and welcome."
We thanked the man, and having assured him that we should pay for whatever of his we used, bade him not be deceived again by the

outward appearance." After that, we lived in clover at Athens The landlord was very affable, and said "sir;" the young lady who waited at the table divined what I wanted before my request, and even the landlord's little son made me gratuities of sweet, fresh apples.

After dark, on Sunday evening, when all censorious people were in doors and out of sight, we started from Athens, to be at the railroad depot on the following morning. The railroad depot on the following morning. The walk was exceedingly lonely—not even a dog barked at us; and had it not been for a mustela putorius, who created quite an odorous diversion by suddenly crossing my path, I should have grown very cynical during that short night. My principal occupation was found in scrutinizing the dingy barns by the roadside, in hope that some ancient guide-board might assure me that I was in the right road, but for was found in whistling. During the first part of the night, I solaced my loneliness with old, familiar psalm tunes; but after twelve, when Monday had fairly begun. I digressed to pro-fane melodies, such as "Uncle Ned," "In the good old colony times," &c.

At length, as the morning star was rising we stood upon the iron track, somewhat "leg-weary," as the Yankees phrase it, but exulting over the toilsome leagues behind. Now, we feel that past labors are pleasant, and rejoice to write, here, in the forest city of Maine—

"Brundisium longe finis charte que viæ que."

In pursuance of a call of the Independent Democrats of Venice, Pennsylvania, and vicinity, there was a large assembly of the Independent Democracy in Venice, on Thursday evening, Sept 23d inst. The meeting being organized by calling Mr. John Berry, sen., to the chair, and appointing Dr. H. Ramsey Secretary, and after a very appropriate address to the Throne of Grace, the meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by the Rev. Mr. Taggart, setting forth the duty of citizens and voters in the coming election in the most glowing terms. The address being concluded, the following resolutions were on motion adopted:

statesmanship, ability, honesty, and integrity of John P. Hale; that we greatly admire his

prudence, fidelity, and noble bearing in the senate of the United States, amidst overwhelm ing hostility and opposition: and that he and his co-inborer in behalf of liberty, (George W. Julian.) will have our cordial and undivided support at the coming election.

JOHN BERRY, President. H. RAMSEY, Secretary. Venice, September 25, 1852.

FROM VERMONT.

SOUTH HERO, VERMONT, Sept. 21, 1852. I hope you will not be discouraged by the

result of our recent State election. It should be no occasion of even surprise to those ac-quainted with the history of our politics for a

few years past.

As you are aware, there has been a small Liberty party in Vermont for many years. In 1848 it was merged in the Free Soil movement. Of those who left the old parties then, a majority were Democrats. The Free-Soilers cast, in 1840, about 13,000 votes. In 1849, the Cass or Hunker Democrats attempted a formal union with the Free Democracy It was not a "co-alition," but a union. To many of us there alition," but a union. To many of us there seemed to be as good, and better reasons, for uniting with the Whigs than the Hunker Demcold supper, we take the bed-lamp, and a grim smile of satisfaction contorts the landlord's ways maintained stronger Anti-Slavery ground ways maintained stronger Anti-Slavery ground

than the Democrats.

The movement of '49 disgusted many Whig Free-Soilers, and did not secure all the Hun-kers. Enough remained faithful to the Old Line to manage the spoils of '52, if perchance there should be any. The united Democratic vote of '49 amounted to about 19,000, I believe. Since that year it has been gradually decreasing. Last year, the Free Democracy east one or two thousand more than in 1848, but in the last election the Democrats have nearly all ratted, and have carried with them about two thousand Free-Soilers of '48. Still, the result is encouraging for you may rely upon the 10,000 "remnant that is left" as capable of standing fire, and whom no "leaves and fishes"

can seduce from their principles.

I verily believe, if the Free Democracy had gone right on its way." turning neither to the nant party of the State; but some of our most active men, catching the contagious itch for office, have combined with men whose only motive has been to help themselves to power. And now, here we are, on our backs, compelled to send the disheartening news to our brethren other States, that we have actually fallen back several thousands from our vote of '48, when we ought and might have announced the first victory for Freedom and Right. O. G. WHEELER

For the National Era. THE HOPE OF SUCCESS.

Men can never be roused to action, or at least to strenuous exertion, in any cause, unless they are animated by the hope of success. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," says an inspired writer, and he uttered a truth that will remain while the earth stands. It is only while in the possession of a lively hope, that the Church possesses the moral power of renovating the world. It is also an important truth, that the nearer the object of hope is to the grasp-the nearer the thing looked for is to actual possession—the more powerful are the exertions that are put forth to attain it.

love the truth, but that we are moved, urge on, nay, impelled, to advocate and dissem by strong and ardent hopes, not only of its final success, but of the speedy accomplishment of its designs. What but the hope of success could have secured the passage of the "Maine could have secured the passage of the "Maine Law?" - Nothing else could have inspired the friends of temperance to put forth the almost superhuman exertions that were indispensably

necessary to the accomplishment of the end they had in view.

The friends of Freedom are engaged in a trie triends of Freedom are engaged in a struggle, the result of which is awaited with intense anxiety by millions of the oppressed. At the coming Presidential election, a blow will be struck that will tell in their favor, powerfully or feebly, according to the hope of cess that animates those who strike the blow All that is necessary to actual success in electing real state of feeling that exists in community in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, and the slave question generally. This feeling is not at present manifested by much excitement. It is too deep for utterance. Hundreds of thousands who have never before voted directly on the slave question, are grinding their teeth with slave question, are grinding their teeth with rage, and are only waiting an opportunity to testify, at the ballot-box, their utter abhorrence of the parties that have basely united upon common grounds in support of the slaveholding interest. Hundreds of thousands more are ready—could they only be inspired with the hope of success, could they only be made to believe that by voting with us their votes would believe that by voting with us their votes would not be thrown away—they are ready, I say, and even anxious, to unite with us in testifying against the heretofore dominant parties. The masses are deeply moved. True, aspirants for petty offices succeed in cetting small matters before small minds, and thereby raising a kind of ephemeral excitement. But the sober and reflecting turn away with disgust from their silly twattle about "hasty plates of soup." fainting in battle, &c., &c. The demand of the age is for something more substantial-some thing that involves principle. We have long enough been befooled and belogged with sense-

Then let our press proclaim, through the length and breadth of the land, that there are strong grounds for hope that we shall succeed in electing the Presidential candidates who are now in the field; let the friends of Liberty in each locality call together and cheer on the masses, inspiring them with the lively hope that those in other portions of the Republic are with them. Drive away the feeling that we with them. Drive away the feeling that we are alone, struggling in a hopeless endeavor, and the effect will be electrical. It will nerve them up to action. I know, well, that the friends of our cause are not generally prepared to look for the amount of success here spoken of. But let them question the masses, and get candid answers from each individual. It is the private catechizing that draws out the real opnion. Refer them to the platform of the party with which they have heretofore acted, and when they acknowledge its horrid deformity, show them with what certainty they support it if they support its candidates. The public conscience is becoming awakened, and port it if they support its candidates. The public conscience is becoming awakened, and we have but to set matters before it in their true light, to cause it to act. Although at present there is but little or no excitement, the foundation of a great one is already laid. But a few weeks will pass away before such an upheaving of hearts, such a bursting forth of deep feeling, will be manifested, as has never been since the days of our forefathers.

The time has come for action. Arouse, then, ye legions of Liberty, and be ready to give force and direction to the sentiment that is

ess trash.

being developed all around you.

HENRY A. TRENCH

Grand Ledge, Mich., Sept. 16, 1852.

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 14.

The functionaries of our National Government number not less than one hundred thousand; with as many more, probably, of the several States. Pleasure, policy, and obligation, unite in a call upon every Government functionary, both State and National, for using his official relations and influence to aid in laying broad, and deep, and strong the only sure foundation of republican institutional. LARGE INTELLIGENCE AND SOUND MORALS. The following letter from the highest officer in our nation affords an example of official influence applied to the diffusion of knowledge worthy of regard by each of the two hundred thousand individuals appointed to fill public stationarevery one capable of adding strength to the common foundation of all offices and all insti-